

Chapter 186 Only He Could Make Her Cry

When Rena departed, she encountered Waylen near the elevator, clutching a stack of papers. His demeanor suggested a business-related purpose for his presence.

Waylen exited the elevator as Rena stepped inside.

As the elevator doors were on the verge of shutting, he swiftly extended his hand to obstruct them.

It had been a considerable while since they last saw each other. He longed for her presence, yearning to reach out and make physical contact. However, he restrained himself and cautiously inquired, "How have you been lately?"

Rena leaned against the elevator wall.

She gazed at him weakly, and then, after a prolonged silence, replied, "Not too shabby."

Waylen's eyes carried profound emotions.

In a husky tone, he expressed, "I will be attending the celebratory gathering tonight as well. Will you... dance with Tyrone?"

Rena was taken aback.

Truthfully, she hadn't arranged to meet Tyrone, nor were they particularly that close already.

However, if Tyrone happened to be present, dancing with him would be considered a customary social activity.

Therefore, Rena did not deny it.

Waylen did not exhibit any displeasure. Instead, he tenderly remarked, "Have a splendid time."

And then he departed.

A shiver ran down Rena's spine.

She couldn't fathom why she perceived Waylen to be far more intimidating than when he used to pester her.

The way he looked at her conveyed that he hadn't given up, yet he displayed a great deal of magnanimity.

Rena almost contemplated skipping the party.

However, as one of the ten people who had been awarded, she was the center of attention today. The leaders of Duefron would not cut her any slack. After multiple urgent phone calls urging her to attend, she had no choice but to go.

The party took place on the 32nd floor of the Regent Hotel. Numerous luminaries were in attendance.

This presented an opportunity for Rena to expand her social circle. Naturally, she wouldn't waste such a chance due to personal reasons now that she was here. She

gracefully held a glass of champagne and mingled with others.

Vera approached as well, hand in hand with Roscoe. She implored him to introduce Rena to some valuable connections.

Rena conducted herself with poise.

She disregarded the stares emanating from the second floor though...

Waylen stood on the second floor of the grand hall, donning a sophisticated three-piece suit. Leaning against the railing, he gazed silently at Rena. The message conveyed through his eyes was so unmistakable that Vera couldn't ignore it.

In a hushed tone, Vera whispered into Rena's ear, "It appears that he hasn't been with any other woman since you two broke up. His eyes are filled with longing."

Rena didn't need to glance in his direction to discern it.

During their time together, Waylen possessed an insatiable sexual appetite, always casting lustful glances her way.

His striking looks and irresistible charm made it challenging for women to resist his allure.

Numerous ladies covertly stole glances at him...

Sleeping with Waylen was the fantasy of many women in Duefron.

However, Rena was not one of them. She paid no heed to his eyes and disregarded his presence.

Accepting invitations from other men, she danced with them. She aimed to draw a clear boundary with Waylen, ensuring that others understood she had no association with the Fowler family.

In the latter part of the evening, Tyrone approached.

In recent days, Tyrone had been incredibly occupied. It seemed like a week had passed since he last saw her.

Tyrone approached and glanced up at the second floor.

Waylen elegantly raised his glass to Tyrone as a gesture.

Waylen's irresistible allure captivated almost every woman in the vicinity.

Vera leaned in and whispered into Rena's ear, "Despite being a jerk, he's undeniably good-looking. Actually, all the men in their circle are attractive but none of them possess Waylen's charm."

Rena let out a slight cough. "Should I relay what you just said to Roscoe?"

Vera swiftly pleaded for forgiveness.

At that moment, Tyrone approached and extended an invitation to Rena. "Miss Gordon, may I have the pleasure?"

Vera covered her face.

Damn! Tyrone looked quite handsome when he was

serious.

Rena smiled, placing her hand in Tyrone's and accepting his offer.

She knew Waylen was watching her. She also knew he was probably on the verge of crushing his glass but she refused to let him dictate her life.

Rena and Tyrone took to the dance floor, capturing the attention of everyone present.

All eyes were on the duo dancing and then shifting towards Waylen.

The atmosphere grew tense.

Would Waylen erupt and forcibly whisk Rena away?

This was so exciting!

Amidst the excitement, Waylen gracefully descended the white carpeted stairs to the first floor. He exuded an air of maturity and handsomeness, resembling a walking work of art.

Waylen approached the grand piano and whispered a few words. Subsequently, the young pianist vacated the seat.

Taking his place, Waylen skillfully played "Moonlight Sonata" with his slender fingers caressing the black and white keys.

It was Rena's favorite piece.

Waylen played the piano, gazing at Rena affectionately.

He was already strikingly good-looking even just standing there, and now...

Such an affectionate gesture had the power to make women scream in delight.

Here he was, his ex-partner dancing with another man and yet he accompanied her on the piano with an affectionate gaze. It was an irresistible combination...

Waylen had effortlessly captured the hearts of all women present.

As he had proclaimed, obtaining what he desired came effortlessly to him.

Rena's body gradually tensed...

She could no longer continue dancing.

A once beautiful night and splendid banquet were now marred by his presence.

Rena pondered to herself, "Waylen, why do you always bring tears to my eyes? Why... why are you the only one capable of making me cry?"

When Rena regained her composure, she noticed the glistening tears in her eyes.

The man still sat before the piano, affectionately gazing at her. He asked in a gentle tone, "Rena, did you enjoy yourself tonight?"

Rena's heart raced.

She admonished herself not to lose her composure. She couldn't... make a spectacle of herself in public.

Her lips trembling, she mustered a forced smile and replied, "I would be happier if Mr. Fowler didn't trouble me."

Waylen lowered his gaze, smiling.

"I can't help it. Rena, it angers me to see you dancing with other men. But I'm at a loss as to what to do, so I play the piano for you. I want you to be happy. Did... did I make you upset? If I did, I will make amends and keep playing until you're content, alright?"

Waylen's words left everyone stunned.

Vera pinched her thigh and silently prayed for Rena.

How did her dear friend provoke such an unyielding man?

He was excessively conniving.

To those unaware of the truth, it might appear as though Rena had hurt Waylen.

Rena turned around and made her exit.

In that moment, she forgot everything. She forgot they were currently live on air. All she knew was that she needed to escape from Waylen.

As she departed, tears welled up at the corners of her eyes.

Waylen caught up with her and grasped her hand in front of the elevator, asking, "Are you angry?"

Rena forcefully shook his hand away.

She turned around, her voice filled with desperation. "Waylen, what are you doing? I implore you. You're desirable and countless girls would willingly surrender themselves to you. Please stop harassing me. I can no longer afford to indulge in this game with you. Please set me free."

Waylen propelled her into the elevator and the doors sealed shut, shielding them from the prying eyes outside. Within the confines of the elevator, there were only the two of them.

Rena wept...

Waylen's heart pulsed with emotion. He gently brushed away her tears, uttering, "Many women desire to be with me intimately, yet I only crave you, Rena... Please, do not enrage me. I am uncertain of what I may do when consumed by anger. By the way... Has Tyrone ceased his advances towards you?"

Rena's eyes widened.

Waylen's tone remained tender. "I simply devised a way to keep him occupied. Rena, perhaps he will find himself even more occupied in the near future, or... Something else might befall him. I cannot guarantee otherwise."